

STILL CATCHING P. O. ROBBERS

Six Are Now Behind The Bars Awaiting Trial and Future Developments.

The arrest of four men at North Tazewell on Sunday night, the 6th inst., upon the charge of being connected with the attempted robbery of the postoffice at that place about six weeks ago, has developed into a bonanza for the postal authorities. The inspectors, Messrs. Robinson and Mosby, have continued to work upon the case, and have since taken into custody two more men who are claimed to be notorious crooks and leaders of the gang that has been cracking postoffices and committing other robberies in this section for nearly a year past.

On Wednesday of last week the man known as "Kentucky Joe" was captured at Bluefield, and is now in the jail at that place. His real name he declines to give, and he bears the appearance of being a prince among crooks. At the time of his capture he had upon his person more than two hundred dollars, a pistol and other evidences of his calling. The authorities at Bluefield appropriated one hundred and ten dollars of the money found upon him as a fine for carrying a concealed weapon and trespassing. Joe thought this was going it pretty strong, and declared it was like being held up with a Winchester and made to deliver. The prisoner is sixty-seven years old, very intelligent and of great physical strength. He declares that he is a northern man by birth, and has not heard his real name for so long that he would hardly recognize it if called. He keeps in good humor with the inspectors and secret service men, and has made a present of his Smith & Wesson gun to Inspector Robinson.

On last Saturday the inspectors, Robinson and Mosby, heard that a suspicious looking man was hanging around Norton. They went immediately to that place, and on Monday succeeded in capturing a man by the name of Miller whom they had been seeking as one of the men connected with the postoffice robbery at North Tazewell. He is known among the "profess" as "Chicago Bill" Miller, and it is reported that he had a large sum of money upon his person, perhaps as much as \$7,000, but the detectives say he had very little money. Miller is said to be one of "Kentucky Joe's" most trusted and capable followers, and his capture is regarded as a very important one by the postal authorities. Miller was brought to Tazewell on Monday evening by Messrs. Robinson and Mosby and is now confined in the county jail here. Miller's arrest leaves but one of the gang untraced, Dorn, Fields, Wynan Canning and Joe having been previously arrested. He is known as the "Kid." He is about seventeen years old, about 5 feet, 6 or 7 inches tall, stoop-shouldered, has long legs, is tall and thin, goes pretty dirty and wears a dark suit and small black cap. He pretends to be seeking work, but begs and is a spotter for the gang.

Marked for Death.

"Three years ago I was marked for death. A grave-yard cough was tearing my lungs to pieces. Doctors failed to help me, and hope had fled, when my husband got Dr. King's New Discovery," says Mrs. A. C. Williams, of Bee, Ky. "The first dose helped me and improvement kept on until I had gained 38 pounds in weight and my health was fully restored." This medicine holds the world's healing record for coughs and colds and lung and throat diseases. It prevents pneumonia. Sold under guarantee at Jackson's drug store. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

HIS SKULL FRACTURED.

Ed Bell Fatally Injured in a Difficulty At Falls Mills.

During a shooting match for turkeys at Falls Mills, in this county, on Saturday last, Edward Bell, of Cooper, W. Va., and George Crigger, of Duhring, W. Va., became engaged in a difficulty, during which Crigger struck Bell over the head with a Winchester rifle, crushing his skull. So heavy was the blow that the stock of the gun was broken and the barrel considerably bent. In the excitement following the altercation Crigger made his escape into the mountains. Bell was taken at once to St. Luke's Hospital, at Bluefield, where medical attention was rendered, and where he now hovers between life and death.

After the trouble Crigger made his way to his home at Duhring, where he kept in hiding until Sunday night. About 2 o'clock that night there came a rapping at his door, and on opening it he was confronted by three men, who told him they were officers and that he would have to accompany them to Bramwell, which Crigger readily consented to do. The quartet started in the direction of Bramwell, and when some distance from Crigger's house, he was set upon by the trio of supposed officers and badly beaten and shot. The men used their guns as clubs, and after beating Crigger almost into insensibility, fired three shots from Winchester rifles into his body, then made their escape, leaving him for dead. He recovered sufficiently, however, to crawl to his home, where he now lies in a desperately wounded condition.

Crigger claims to have recognized two of his assailants, but refuses to give their names. It is thought he will recover, but one of his arms which was shattered by a bullet, will have to be amputated.

My line of Toilet Sets are the prettiest ever shown in town—compare prices with anyone.—Pobst.

TOOK SPIKES FROM RAIL.

Three Successive Attempts to Derail Train Near Wytheville.

Wytheville, Va., Dec. 19.—An attempt was made Thursday to wreck passenger train No. 42 on the Norfolk and Western about a mile and a half west of Wytheville by placing ties on the track and taking spikes from some of the rails. The ties were struck and shattered, but fortunately the engine was not thrown from the track, and cleared the obstruction for the train. Sheriff Brown was called on, and responded with his bloodhounds. The trail was struck at once and followed without stop or hindrance for eight miles, when for some unknown cause there was a break and the trail was not recovered.

Brown is very reticent about it, and further developments may be expected. This is the third attempt to wreck trains in the neighborhood within three past successive nights. Wednesday night the mail bag was stolen from the rack where it had been placed at Crockett's Depot, a few miles from the scene of the attempted wreck, to be taken up by No. 42. The next day the remains of the bag were found, it having been burnt, and again Sheriff Brown took his dogs up, and after an eighteen hour trail landed his quarry Thursday in the person of Harman Brown, who lives near Crockett. Brown is now in jail.

We have sample packages of fine Confectionery. Will be glad to take your order for delivery later. JACKSON.

AWFUL TRAGEDY AT WYTHEVILLE

Chief-of-Police Walter McClintock and E. A. Crigger Shot to Death in A Deadly Street Duel Saturday

Wytheville, Va., Dec. 19.—A terrible tragedy occurred on the main street here this afternoon when Walter McClintock, town sergeant, was shot to death by E. A. Crigger, upon whom he was serving a warrant, and Crigger himself killed either by McClintock or someone else in the crowd. McClintock died immediately from several wounds, two or three of which were in the face and head, and Crigger lived only a few minutes. The shooting occurred about 5 o'clock, and at a time when the streets were crowded with Saturday evening and Christmas shoppers. It was providential that only the immediate participants were injured.

It seems that C. W. McClintock, a brother of Walter McClintock, today got out a warrant charging the Criggers with robbery. Accompanied by Deputy Harry White, Chief McClintock went to serve the warrant on the Crigger boys. The four men met in front of the court house and when the Criggers were informed that the officers had a warrant for their arrest, E. A. Crigger drew a revolver and began firing at McClintock. The combatants gained the middle of the principal thoroughfare of the town and in the presence of a large crowd of men and women who packed the sidewalks the shooting became general. McClintock fell first and expired in a few minutes. While mortally wounded and lying prone in his life's blood, he raised his pistol and fired at Crigger, and the latter dropped near the body of his victim. McClintock received seven wounds while E. A. Crigger received but one.

David Crigger, the brother of E. A. Crigger, and who it is thought participated in the shooting, was arrested by Deputy Harry White and is now locked in jail.

McClintock had been chief of police since September 1st last. He was 40 years of age and stood high as a citizen and in fraternal societies. He leaves a widow and five children.

E. A. Crigger, who until recently conducted a large livery business in the town, was 30 years old. He also leaves a widow.

Great excitement prevails in Wytheville tonight, but the authorities do not look for further trouble.

FIVE STILLBORN UP IN RUSSELL COUNTY

About 1000 Gallons of Liquor Destroyed by Revenue Officers.

Honaker, Va., Dec. 22.—One of the most destructive moonshine raids ever made in Russell county was pulled off about ten miles from this place Friday and Saturday.

A posse of revenue officers composed of Deputy Marshal Catron, of Scott county, and Wallace McCoy and Vince Shortt, of Grundy, Va., went into the mountains near Artrip, a flag station on the Norfolk and Western, broke up five stills, some of which were in active operation at the time, and captured Joe Branham, Mont McGlothlin, Pat and Ben Rasnake and Hen Powers. About 1000 gallons of liquor was destroyed. The prisoners were taken to Grundy where they were placed under bond for their appearance at the next term of the Federal court.

ABINGDON VOTES WET.

Gives a Majority of 26 in Favor of Retaining Dispensary.

Bristol, Va., December 21.—The town of Abingdon today voted 26 majority out of 236 votes cast to retain its whiskey dispensary. The contest was a heated one, the temperance people having the assistance of Mrs. Nannie Curtis, of Texas, a noted saloon fighter.

Harry Durman Sent to Insane Asylum Harry Durman, formerly of near Snowville, in this county, and for several years a resident of this city, was arrested Friday night on the complaint that he was insane. He was confined in jail and Saturday a lunacy commission was held and the young man adjudged insane.

For some time young Durman has been acting strangely and has spent most of his time in Pulaski for several weeks. His latest idea was that he was the "lightning spencerian artist of the world" and was especially insistent that everybody should use his ornamental Xmas cards. These were crudely executed designs of penmanship that Durman claimed to complete in "eleven seconds" blindfolded.

Durman was sent to Marion yesterday but had become violent before he got in, he rushed to the front at once; strenuous efforts to demolish the water works and furniture of his cell. Pulaski Southwest Times of Dec. 24th.

Durman worked on the Republican during the Winter of 1907-8, and was of a very nervous nature, and at times acted strangely.

THE TRUTH ABOUT OKLAHOMA.

Rev. J. N. Harman Writes Interestingly Of This New State.

Responding to requests of a number of my friends, I will give a few facts and draw some conclusions about Oklahoma.

On the 7th instant, with Mr. Sam B. Thompson, I started to this, the newest of all States. We came by way of Columbus, Ohio, Indianapolis, Ind., through Kansas to McAlester, Oklahoma. I have been told that Oklahoma being interpreted means "a home among the oaks."

McAlester is the most desirable town to live in that I have seen in the eastern part of the State.

As health is before anything else, my first inquiry was as to this feature. From a prominent physician, whom I interviewed, I learned that pneumonia and typhoid are here, but not so prevalent or malignant as in Tazewell. Malaria is also in this goodly land. If it is caused by a vegetable parasite, he is right on the ground ready to do business. If malaria is the result of a mosquito bite you do not have to go far to find him. In fact, he will visit you unbidden as soon as he hears of your presence. Screens on doors and windows of all the houses indicate the fact that the "skeeter" is not welcome. I saw a note in the paper stating that the school had closed in a certain neighborhood on account of an epidemic of diphtheria, and that three had died in one family from the dreaded disease. This sounds so much like items from Tazewell. Then I saw a notice on the gate post which read: "Scarlet fever in this house." This also looked a little homelike. A local in a paper reads: "The friends of Mrs. ——— will be glad to hear that she is fast recovering from a desperate case of pneumonia."

Now I conclude that the fountain of youth and health is not in Oklahoma; and that health conditions are as good here as in Tazewell, if the malaria was extracted.

The farming lands are level and some are very productive, while in some good looking prairie sections the farming value remains to be demonstrated. A man can miss it in land here just like he does in Tazewell. There are miles and miles of prairie lands that have never been tested in anything but the native prairie grass. While this grass is not as good as timothy hay, it will keep stock from starving. Comparatively very little alfalfa is grown in the eastern part of the State. Don't know if it would do well here or not. In other sections I hear that it does well. Vegetables do well and the markets are good. From Wilburton on the east to McAlester on the west, the coal field is being developed. These miners make a good market for "truck;" but the trouble is the people do not raise the "truck."

The State is developing a splendid educational system. The social feature strikes me as attractive. The religious interests are well cared for by the same denominations that look after Virginians. The people are enterprising and are pushing business. I conclude I would enjoy these things well enough to live here alright, if I were young and had to leave home; but while the people of Tazewell continue to treat me as well as they have hitherto, I am very much inclined to stay there. I do see great opportunities here for many people to better their conditions as to cheap lands. But let these not forget that this is a new country and that they must suffer many privations and hardships of a pioneer life before they can enjoy the comforts of farm life here. Of course, in the best developed farm sections they have plenty and to spare, but the man of small means cannot buy these lands. I want to be fair to this country as well as to my friends at home, who have asked me for my opinion on these matters. I really think that this is going to be one of the best States in the Union, but it will not reach that distinction until I have been laid in Maple Cemetery in Tazewell county, Virginia, for some years.

Some three years ago I traveled through the entire State from east to west; this time I have traveled the entire eastern part from north to south. I have just finished the trip, passing through Vinita, Wagoner, Muskogee, McAlester and various other towns too numerous to mention. I reached this town, Durant, last night, which is just 18 miles north of Denison, Texas. On my arrival at McAlester I found my son, James, in the hospital, convalescing from a short spell of sickness. As he thought best to go to a warmer climate we are now en route to San Antonio, Texas. He is improving nicely and I hope for his speedy restoration to health.

Now, a final word as to the desirability of our people coming here; I will illuminate my opinion with Henry's experience, which he told me recently, about his entering the army. He was only about sixteen years old, but being afraid the war would be over before he got in, he rushed to the front at once; but he often wished that he had taken more time before he rushed in.

Now, if any of our people are coming to Oklahoma, I would suggest that there is no reason for rushing. Take your time and sell out your property at a reasonable price. Don't sacrifice anything in your rush. There are great bargains here and a great many of

OLD LANDMARK IS DISAPPEARING

The High School Building Is Being Torn Down—Its Interesting History.

The contractors who have engaged to erect a new High School building for the public schools at Tazewell are now at work tearing down the old building. This structure was built in the early fifties of the last century, and was the property of the Northwestern Bank of Virginia, which was the first bank ever opened in the Clinch Valley. It was intended to be and was used both as a dwelling for the cashier of the bank as well as the banking offices. And it was so occupied and used until the bank was forced to cease operations during the Civil War. During the war Judge John A. Kelly, who had been cashier of the bank, occupied it as a residence, and it was used for such purposes by others for several years after the war, among the number being the late Isaac E. Chapman. Later it was occupied for private schools, and in 1880 and 1881 Prof. Evans had a very flourishing school there. Several years later, chiefly through the efforts of the now venerable Rev. Wm. Kelly, the property was acquired for the use of the public schools of Tazewell county, and it has since been so occupied and used. Through the effort of Mr. Kelly the old church property in the rear of the building was secured some ten years ago, and the present chapel erected thereon. The chapel will not be torn away, but will be used in connection with the new school building. This new building when completed, according to plans and specifications, will be a splendid structure, one of the best school buildings in Virginia.

Nearly everything is for sale. There will be just as good bargains next year. In fact, the longer you put it off the less of the ills you will be permitted to suffer in the way of high taxes, mosquitoes and malaria. I think these will grow beautifully less in a few years.

With the rich soil, its coal, its oil, minerals, climate and push and thrift of its people, Oklahoma is a coming State. My genial traveling companion, Sam Thompson, will go west from this point to Amarilla, Texas. Am sorry to leave Sam, but will expect to meet him in Tazewell in about four months.

Yours truly, J. N. HARMAN.

Durant, Oklahoma, Dec. 13, 1908.

A Parting Word About Oklahoma and Notes on Texas Towns.

December 12th we reached Durant, Oklahoma. From observation and information we gather, the lands around Caddo and Durant present about the best farming proposition in Eastern Oklahoma. The land looks good to me. Within a radius of three to four miles around these towns good lands can be bought at \$30 to \$40 per acre. Further back the lands are much cheaper.

We are indebted to a resident of Durant for much information. He was educated at Roanoke College; was a class mate of Messrs. Cecil Peery and W. O. Barnes, of Tazewell. He likes to dwell on the delightful Virginia climate, hospitality, grapes and apple butter and the magnificent houses and furnishings. Among some of these luxurious Virginia homes he declares that he had walked on Brussels carpet four inches thick. "Oh! that some one the gift would give us, to see ourselves as others see us." The picture that he paints of us if put in a real estate ad of Virginia lands, and circulated in Oklahoma, there would be a greater exodus from here to Virginia than from Virginia to Oklahoma. But such is life.

December 14th—Here we are in San Antonio, Texas, 423 miles south of Durant. This is the largest town in the State. It contains about 100,000 people. The State Fair and the International Races are on here. The city is full of visitors. I don't believe they know we are here. I looked over the morning paper carefully, but our names nowhere occur therein. This town is too big and too sporty for us.

We thought of going to Old Mexico if we could get cheap excursion rates. At length our search for an advertisement of such an excursion was rewarded by finding in a daily paper the following: "Sunset Route, Bull Fight, Old Mexico, \$2.00 round trip; Dec. 20th, Special Train leave 8 a. m. for C. P. Diaz." Says I to Jim, "We'll go, but not to see the Bull Fight." Says he to me, "If I go, the Bull Fight is what I want to see." Then, when we looked at the calendar we found that December 20th, unfortunately, fell on Sunday this year. Now, it is well settled by the ethics of the United States that no preacher or son of a preacher ought to go on a Sunday excursion to see a Bull Fight. We didn't go.

After passing through Denison, Fort Worth, Austin, and San Antonio, December 16th we reached Galveston. We boast of our Norfolk, "A city by the sea," but Texas talks of her "Galveston, a city in the sea."

I notice that residents of San Antonio call their city "San Antonio," and Gal-

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We invite your business. We pay 4 per cent. on Time Deposits. We also allow you to withdraw without notice, which does not disturb the 4 per cent. rate for time left with us. We give same attention to small accounts as to large ones. Your money accumulates while you sleep, and is always at your disposal when needed. Out-of-town customers can send deposits by registered mail, by P. O. Money Orders, or by checks which we collect without cost.

veston places the accent on the "Gal."

This city is located 250 miles east of "San Antonio" and is situated on an island and separate from the main land 24 miles. The island is about 30 miles long and 4 miles wide at the widest place. I believe that it was September, 1900, that the sea swept this city off the map. It seems to have gotten back now. It has a population of 40,000 people and is the largest cotton port in the world. They ship 3,000,000 bales per year. The weather is too warm to be pleasant here now. The thermometer stood at 72 at 8 p. m. last night. I suppose it is about the same today.

We bought tickets to Key West, Fla., via the Mallory Line and will go aboard the S. S. "San Marcos" at 10 a. m. tomorrow, and sail at noon. I think it takes from noon Saturday till Tuesday morning to reach Key West. This is a New York vessel and does not touch at any place except Key West, between Galveston and New York. The fare to New York is \$40.00 and to Key West \$25.00.

I am profoundly impressed with the greatness, vastness and richness of Texas. But I regret to note they have mosquitoes "some" in Galveston. Last night I fought the pesky critters, slaying them right and left, and I would have made an affidavit this morning that I never slept a wink and never permitted a mosquito to bite me. Though I must have fallen asleep on the firing line, at least for a little while, for when Jim looked so strangely at me he just laughed in my face and asked me to look at myself. Even Job's appearance was not more changed in a night than was my visage. It was marred beyond recognition. Now this positively places the whole State of Texas on the prohibited list so far as me or mine are concerned. We shall never come within the State's jurisdiction after last night's battle. Jim says he never closed his eyes for sleep; that he fought a good fight through the night and came out without a scratch. He thinks I am over-sensitive and hasty in my expressions of animosity towards Texas. Well, I guess Texas is more to be pitied than blamed for last night's Night Rider raid on two of Virginia's distinguished sojourners. I understand now why Bro. Rector likes Tazewell. He is my neighbor and I shall do what I can to keep him in Tazewell. Why these mosquitoes would attack a preacher while he is getting up his Sunday sermon. They are utterly void of social duty and fatally bent on mischief. Perhaps my nerves may be soothed tomorrow while I am rocked in the cradle of the deep.

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me,
May there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea."

J. N. HARMAN.
Galveston, Texas, Dec. 18, 1908.

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